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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5S

"Warriors' Gate"

by

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DOCTOR WHO: 'WARRIORS' GATE' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

Doctor
Romana
Adric
K9

Sagan (Communications Clerk)
Lane (crewman)
Nester (crewman)
Aldo (")
Waldo (")
Rorvik (Captain)
Packard (Second)

Biroc (Thark)

Thark bodies (N/S)
Crewmen (N/S)
Gundans (N/S)

SETS

Int. Hold of Privateer
Int. Corridors of Privateer
Int. Corridor Intersection of Privateer
Int. Bridge of Privateer
Int. Damaged area of Privateer
Int. Entrance Hatchway of Privateer

Int. Tardis Console Room
Int. Tardis corridor

Ext. Void
Ext. Tardis in Void
Ext. Tardis by the Void

Ext. Gateway
Int. Gateway Entrance Tunnel
Int. Old Banqueting Hall

Model Shot

Tardis in E-Space

TELECINE 35 mm

Suppose Cam

Opening
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER.
DAY.

(A KIND OF HUSHED, DINGEY
DORMITORY.

IN THE DIM LIGHT WE ARE
MOVING THROUGH THE
GANGWAY BETWEEN TWO ROWS
OF MOTIONLESS FIGURES,
PRONE ON SHALLOW BUNKS.

THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL
US WHETHER THEY ARE
ASLEEP OR DEAD, BUT SOME
OF THE FIGURES SHIMMER
SLIGHTLY BENEATH THEIR
SHROUDS.

WE NOTICE A DETAIL:
HIRSUTE HANDS SHACKLED IN
SILVER MANACLES.

OVER THIS WE HEAR A
COUNTDOWN:)

SAGAN: [V.O] ...fifteen...
fourteen... thirteen... twelve...

(THE COUNTDOWN CONTINUES
AS WE MOVE ON, DISSOLVING
THROUGH TO:)

2. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE CORRIDOR IS AS RUN
DOWN AND DISREPUTABLE AS
THE REST OF THE SHIP.

A SIGN, "CARGO/MAIN LOCKS
ACCESS", HAS BEEN
SCRATCHED OUT WITH A
DRIPPING BRUSH, AND AN
ARROW DRAWN ON THE WALL
BELOW IT.

AS WE TRAVEL THE LENGTH
OF THE CORRIDOR THE
COUNTDOWN DRONES ON)

SAGAN: [V.O.] ...eleven...
ten... nine... eight...

3. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.
DAY.

(THE BRIDGE IS A GEODESIC STRUCTURE, WITH OPERATIONAL ZONES ON THREE LEVELS TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE SPACE. UPPERMOST IS THE HELM; ON THE LOWEST LEVEL AND FACING FORWARD IS THE NAVIGATOR'S POSITION.

ONCE GLEAMING AND EFFICIENT, THE PAINT IS NOW STREAKED AND AGED, THE THEME COLOUR BEING THAT OF RUST. FIXTURES ARE HELD IN PLACE BY TAPE, GLASS COVERS TO SCREENS ARE SPLIT AND CRACKED.

TWO OF THE CREW, WHOM WE WILL LATER COME TO KNOW AS LANE AND NESTOR, ARE SILENT AND TENSE IN ANTICIPATION. A THIRD, SAGAN, THE COMMUNICATIONS CLERK, SITS AT HIS OWN DESK WEARING A MONITORING HEADSET AND INTONING THE COUNTDOWN.

EVEN ALDO AND WALDO, THE CREW'S TWO LEAST CARING MEMBERS, HAVE SUSPENDED THEIR GAME OF CARDS FOR A MOMENT TO LISTEN TO THE COUNT DOWN. BUT ALDO ALSO USES THE OPPORTUNITY TO STEAL A GLANCE AT WALDO'S HAND.

AS WE CONTINUE MOVING ALONG THE BRIDGE WE COME UPON THE FACES OF RORVIK AND PACKARD. RORVIK, THE

CAPTAIN OF THE PRIVATEER,
IS THICK-SET, BULL-LIKE
AND BEARDED. PACKARD,
HIS SECOND, IS TALL AND
GLOOMY, AS IF RESIGNED TO
A LIFETIME OF
APOLOGISING. LIKE THE
REST OF THE CREW, BOTH
ARE UNKEMPT. PACKARD'S
HANDS ARE POISED OVER THE
CONTROLS, BUT THE EYES OF
BOTH OF THEM ARE DIRECTED
TOWARDS:

BIROC, THE ALIEN, WHOSE
WIDE UNSEEING EYES STARE
TENSELY INTO THE
DISTANCE.

WE NOW SEE THAT BIROC
LIES HALF-RECLINED ON A
SEAT OF RIVETTED BARE
METAL. HE IS STRAPPED
DOWN AND GAGGED BY A
BREATHING MASK; EVEN HIS
HEAD IS LOCKED INTO PLACE
BY A CLAMP.

BIROC'S HANDS ARE
IMPRISONED IN GLEAMING
SILVER MANACLES LIKE
THOSE WE NOTICED ON THE
OCCUPANTS OF THE HOLD)

SAGAN: seven.. six...
five... four...

(BIROC'S FACE IS RIGID
WITH TENSION, SWEAT
STREAMING FROM HIS BROW)

SAGAN: three... two...
one... zero!

(SILENCE.

PACKARD'S HAND REMAINS
POISED OVER THE
CONTROLS)

RORVIC: [TO PACKARD] Hit it!
Hit it!

PACKARD: How can I? He's
still not visualising.

(PACKARD INDICATES BIROC,
AND WE NOTICE THAT LEADS
FROM THE SHACKLED ALIEN'S
HEAD CONNECT HIM TO THE
ELECTRONIC APPARATUS IN
FRONT OF HIM. THE LARGE
VIEWING SCREEN, EVIDENTLY
PART OF THE SAME
CIRCUITRY IS, BLANK. IT
FLICKERS WITH OCCASIONAL
GLITCHES)

RORVIK: Jump them!

PACKARD: The time lines? We
can't do it blind!

RORVIC: I'll say what we can
and can't do. Anything's better
than staying here. Ignition!

(RORVIK SLAMS HIS HAND
ONTO PACKARD'S SO THAT
THE IGNITION BUTTON IS
ACTIVATED. AS PACKARD
WINCES WITH THE PAIN WE
HEAR A RUSH FROM THE WARP
ENGINES AND THE WHOLE
SHIP ROCKS)

SAGAN: We have lift-off.

(A WEAK CHEER GOES UP
FROM THE OTHER CREW
MEMBERS.

RORVIK LEANS IN VERY
CLOSE TO BIROC)

RORVIC: Now we'll have to
see it, Biroc. Show us where we're
going.

(RORVIC SNAPS HIS FINGERS
AT SAGAN AND LANE. THEY
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, THEN
RELUCTANTLY STEP
FORWARD)

RORVIC: High tension cable.
We'll run it to his feed point.
That ought to boost him.

PACKARD: Kill him, more
like.

RORVIC: Always looking on
the gloomy side, Packard.

ALDO: [AS HE PLAYS A CARD]
It'll kill him.

WALDO: Want to bet? [HE
GETS OUT A COIN]

ALDO: It's fifty-fifty.
OK?

(WALDO NODS, AND FLICKS
THE COIN INTO THE AIR.

WE CLOSE ON THE COIN AS
IT SPINS UPWARDS.

AS IT REACHES ITS APOGEE
WE SENSE THAT ITS
PROGRESS IS BEING SLOWED
BY SOME FACTOR OTHER THAN
NORMAL GRAVITY.

OVER THIS WE HEAR:)

RORVIK: Well? Are we out of
the dead zone?

SAGAN: [WHO HAS BEEN
LISTENING TO HIS HEADPHONES] We're
closing on something.

PACKARD: [CHECKING HIS OWN
CONTROLS] He's right. We're
heading for a time rift!

(AS THE COIN BEGINS TO
FALL IN TREACLY
SLOW-MOTION THE IMAGE
JOLTS HORRIBLY WITH A
TREMENDOUS TEARING
SOUND.

THE CONTROL PANEL
SHATTERS UNDER THE IMPACT
OF SOMETHING THAT SEEMS
TO HAVE SHAKEN THE WHOLE
SHIP. GLASS-FACED
INSTRUMENT PANELS EXPLODE
AND THE DEBRIS FALLS TO
THE FLOOR.

AS THE DUST SETTLES WE
SEE THE COIN SLOWLY FALL,
RINGING ON THE METAL
FLOORING.

WE NOTICE THE FRIGHTENED
CREW ARE SCATTERED ACROSS
THE BRIDGE. ONLY BIROC,

STRAPPED INTO HIS
HARNESS, REMAINS
UNAFFECTED.

THE SCREEN ABOVE BIROC'S
HEAD STILL FLICKERS
EMPTY. WE TIGHTEN ON
BIROC'S EYE, AND SEEM TO
SEE THERE THE SAME
GLITCHES THAT WERE THROWN
UP ON THE SCREEN.

AT FIRST IT APPEARS TO BE
ONLY ANOTHER GLITCH. AND
THEN THE SHAPE FORMS --
BLUE, RECTANGULAR,
FAMILIAR.

THE TARDIS, TUMBLING
TOP-OVER-TAIL IN E-SPACE,
LIKE THE COIN)

4. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
NO TIME.

(ROMANA IS PROGRAMMING
CO-ORDINATES INTO THE
CONTROL CONSOLE. SHE HAS
TO HANG ON TO THE PLINTH
TO STEADY HERSELF AGAINST
THE BUCKING MOTION OF THE
TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR, ADRIC AND K9
ARE SIMILARLY BRACED
AGAINST THE WALLS, ADRIC
LOOKING PARTICULARLY
QUEASY)

ROMANA: One more go.

DOCTOR: Haven't you done
enough damage already.

ROMANA: It's not me, it's a
time rift.

DOCTOR: And who steered us
into it.

ROMANA: Steered is hardly
the word. She won't respond to the
co-ordinates.

DOCTOR: Here, let me.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES
HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WALL
AND LURCHES TOWARDS THE
CONSOLE.

HE OPERATES A FEW LEVERS
WITH CONFIDENCE BORN OF
LONG EXPERIENCE)

DOCTOR: It just needs a
little friendly persuasion.

ROMANA: I've been friendly.

DOCTOR: Firm but friendly.

(HE PULLS ON A LEVER. IT
REFUSES TO BUDGE)

DOCTOR: It's jammed.

ROMANA: That's right. We've
lost control. We're adrift.

DOCTOR: Drifting in
E-Space.

ROMANA: Come on, Doctor.
We've got to do something.

DOCTOR: [IN DEEP THOUGHT]
But have we...?

ROMANA: What!

DOCTOR: I wonder if that's
it?

ROMANA: What -- drifting?

DOCTOR: The way out of
E-Space.

(THE STORM TAKES A TURN
FOR THE WORSE. THE
DOCTOR, ROMANA AND ADRIC
HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE)

5. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY

(THE CREW ARE STILL
DAZED, BUT ARE NOW ABLE
TO MOVE AROUND, CHECKING
INSTRUMENTS AND COUNTING
THEIR BRUISES.

RORVIK TOWERS OVER THE
HARNESSED ALIEN)

NESTOR: Helm readings show
no space, no time... Just like
before.

RORVIC: Damn you, Biroc!
Right back where we started. Stuck
in this... nothing... for months
and months... And now this!

(HE SEEMS TO BE ABOUT TO
HIT HIM, WHEN PACKARD
INTERRUPTS)

PACKARD: We've got damage.

RORVIK: Of course we've got
damage. How bad?

SAGAN CALLS FROM HIS COMMUNICATIONS
DESK.

SAGAN: Lane's taking a
look.

6. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE
PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE AREA IS NORMALLY
SEALED OFF TO THE
INTERIOR OF THE SHIP,
LIKE AN AIRCRAFT CARGO
HOLD.

THE SIDE OF THE SHIP HAS
BEEN TORN OPEN, AND THERE
IS DAMAGE IN THE MAZE OF
MACHINERY THAT HAS NOW
BECOME VISIBLE FROM THE
OUTSIDE.

THERE IS NO BURNING, BUT
BRIGHT LIGHTS ARE
FLASHING DEEP INSIDE,
OBVIOUSLY NOT PART OF THE
MOTOR'S NORMAL
OPERATION.

LANE STANDS ON A STEEL
LADDER BOLTED TO THE WALL
AND SURVEYS THE SCENE.
HE SWITCHES ON THE
COMMUNICATOR ATTACHED TO
THE WALL)

LANE:

Lane to bridge.

7. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(PACKARD BENDS TO THE
SPEAKER ON HIS CONSOLE)

PACKARD: What's the news?

8. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.
DAY.

LANE: [INTO THE INTERCOM]
The outer shell's torn -- a rip you
can climb right through. In fact I
just did.

9. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(RORVIK HAS OVERHEARD
THIS, AND SNATCHES THE
INTERCOM FROM PACKARD)

RORVIK: Never mind the
frills, what about the hull?

12. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.
DAY.

LANE: I'm checking that
now. Nothing structural I can see.

(ALONGSIDE THE ACCESS
LADDER RUNS A BIG RED
CABLE WITH THE INSULATION
DAMAGED. SPARKS ARE
FLYING ALL AROUND IT)

LANE: The electrics are
falling apart, though.

(THE RED CABLE BEGINS TO
SPARK AND THE INSULATION
STARTS TO BURN. LANE
TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND
BEGINS BEATING OUT THE
FLAMES)

11. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

RORVIK: Lane, will you stop fooling around and give me a proper report. Lane...?

PACKARD: What about the Warp Drive?

RORVIK: And Packard's worried about the Warp Drive.

LANE: [ON DISTORT] If this power line goes up there won't be any warp drive.

(DURING THIS, ALDO AND WALDO ARE APPROACHING THE COIN TO HOW IT'S FALLEN.

ALDO PICKS IT UP AND IS ABOUT TO PUT IT IN HIS POCKET, WHEN WALDO STOPS HIM)

WALDO: We're not out of it yet -- double or quits?

12. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

ROMANA: Admit it, you don't know what you're doing.

DOCTOR: I'm following intuition.

ROMANA: It's no better than tossing a coin.

DOCTOR: What's so improbable about tossing a coin? Didn't you ever hear of the I Ching?

ROMANA: Superstition!

(ADRIC HAS BEEN LISTENING KEENLY TO THE DISCUSSION. HE TAKES OUT A COIN FROM HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT IT)

DOCTOR: Random sampling to reflect the broad flow of the material universe. The holistic view.

ROMANA: Coffee table Jung!

(ADRIC WEIGHS THE COIN IN HIS HAND. HE TURNS TO K9)

ADRIC: What's the I Ching?

K9: Ancient Chinese book
of Philosophy accessed by random
sampling.

ADRIC: How do you read it,
then.

K9: Traditional method
is the tossing of coins. The I
Ching methodology casts doubt on
the value of normal causalistic
procedures.

(THE COIN. ADRIC TURNS
IT OVER IN HIS HAND)

K9: [O.O.V] And of
course vice versa.

13. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

LANE: [ON DISTORT] You
were asking about the warp
drive...

PACKARD: [EAGERLY] Yes?

LANE: Don't ask. It's
shot to hell.

RORVIK: [INTO THE INTERCOM]
OK, Lane. Back in here. [THE ONLY
ANSWER IS A PROLONGED CRACKLE FROM
THE INSTRUMENT] Lane...?

(NO REPLY. RORVIK HANDS
THE INSTRUMENT TO PACKARD
AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION
TO BIROC)

PACKARD: Lane...? Lane...?
[TO RORVIK] Communications are
breaking up.

(BIROC LIES IN HIS
CONSTRAINTS -- EXHAUSTED,
DRAINED, HIS EYES ROLLED
UP AND HALF CLOSED. ON
EITHER SIDE OF HIM SIT
ALDO AND WALDO, WEIGHING
HIM UP)

RORVIC: And what about you,
Biroc? Are you breaking up? Why
no pictures?

ALDO: He's going.

RORVIK: He blew out my warp drive. [FIERCELY, IN BIROC'S EAR]
You did that on purpose!

WALDO: What a waste. [TO ALDO]
Wouldn't give much for his scrap value.

PACKARD: [SIGNALLING TO ALDO AND WALDO TO START UNDOING BIROC'S HARNESS] We've got to get him patched up. We'll lose him.

RORVIK: Typical, Packard.
Always thinking of your bonus.

(HE STRAIGHTENS UP, AND GESTURES ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO SAGAN)

RORVIC: Take him below and get him fixed up.

(SAGAN AND ANOTHER CREW MEMBER HURRY FORWARD. BIROC LOLLS LIMPLY AS HE IS RELEASED.)

RORVIK MOVES OVER TO PACKARD)

ALDO: So we're back in nowhere.

WALDO: Nowhere's somewhere.

ALDO: Somewhere that isn't even supposed to exist.

(SAGAN AND THE SECOND
CREW MEMBER GET UNDER AN
ARM EACH AND DRAG BIROC'S
INERT FORM TOWARDS THE
SLIDING DOORS AT THE BACK
OF THE BRIDGE. THE ALIEN
GIVES THEM NO HELP.

RORVIK LOOKS TOWARDS
NESTOR, AT THE HELM)

RORVIC: [EXPECTING INSTANT
OBEDIENCE] Report from the helm?

(THERE IS NO REPLY.
RORVIK TURN SLOWLY ROUND
AND HIS GAZE FASTENS ON
NESTOR)

RORVIC: That's you,
remember? Instrumentation status?

NESTOR: [INDICATING THE
SHATTERED CONTROLS] What do you
want me to say?

(RORVIC CLOSES HIS EYES
WEARILY)

14. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(SAGAN AND THE SECOND
CREW MEMBER APPEAR,
MOVING DOWN THE CORRIDOR
WITH BIROC STILL
SUPPORTED BETWEEN THEM.

BIROC OPENS ONE EYE AS
THEY TURN AT THE CORRIDOR
INTERSECTION TO FOLLOW
THE ARROW. WE CAN TELL
THAT HE'S FAR MORE ALERT
THAN HE SEEMS TO BE)

15. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BIROC IS DRAGGED INTO
VIEW.

HALFWAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR
HE SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO
ACTION. THE ARMS THAT
HUNG LIMPLY OVER THE
SHOULDERS OF THE TWO CREW
MEMBERS NOW CLAMP TIGHT
AROUND THEIR NECKS AS
BIROC GETS HIS FEET UNDER
HIM.

AS THEY STRUGGLE TO REACH
THEIR WEAPONS, BIROC
DRAGS THEM TOWARDS THE
NEAREST METAL DOOR.

HE THROWS THE TWO CREWMEN
FORWARD; THEIR HEADS
BANG, AND THEY SLIDE TO
THE FLOOR.

BIROC RUNS)

16. INT. CORRIDOR INTERSECTION. DAY.

(BIROC APPEARS FROM A
CORRIDOR LEADING INTO THE
INTERSECTION.

SEEMING TO KNOW THE WAY,
HE CHOOSES A DIRECTION
WITHOUT HESITATING, AND
RUNS ONWARD)

17. INT. ENTRANCE HATCHWAY. DAY.

(A GREASY UTILITARIAN CHAMBER WITH EXPOSED STRUTS THAT SUPPORT THE OUTER WALL, AND AN OPEN MESH FLOOR UNDER WHICH CABLING CAN BE SEEN.

BIROC MOVES TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE.

HE WAITS FOR A MOMENT, AS IF EXPECTING SOMETHING.

THE AIRLOCK DOOR IS SLIDING OPEN. IN THE AIRLOCK STANDS LANE, KNOCKING HIS SMOKING HAT AGAINST HIS LEG. HE IS TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE HAT TO NOTICE BIROC.

BIROC WAITS.

LANE STEPS OUT OF THE LOCK.

AS SOON AS THE DOOR BEGINS TO SLIDE SHUT BIROC PUSHES AN ASTONISHED LANE ASIDE, AND GETS INTO THE LOCK.

LANE REACHES FOR HIS SIDEARM AS SOON AS HE HAS REGAINED HIS BALANCE, BUT TOO LATE; THE DOOR IS CLOSED. HE RUNS TO THE INTERCOM POINT BY THE DOOR.

LANE PICKS UP THE HANDSET AND HITS A BUTTON, WHICH SOUNDS A BEEPER. HE PAUSES, TRYING TO PHRASE A REPORT, WHILE FROM THE OTHER END:)

RORVIK: Bridge... Yes...
Lane, is that you... [ROARING INTO
THE INSTRUMENT] Speak -- anybody.

LANE: Er...

18. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE TARDIS, STILL CAUGHT
IN THE SPACE STORM, IS
NOW MORE BUFFETTED THAN
EVER.)

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA EYE
EACH OTHER ACROSS THE
CONSOLE WITH WITH
SOMETHING LESS THAN
COMPLETE AMIABILITY)

DOCTOR: It's always darkest
before the dawn. Isn't that right,
K9?

ROMANA: According to your
theory, we just press any button
and hope for the best.

DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose that
might help. [HE GOES TO PRESS ONE
OF THE BUTTONS]

ROMANA: [GRABBING HIS HAND]
Not that button!

DOCTOR: You didn't really
think I activate the reverse bias.
It's very hard to generate
non-determined activity. I mean,
perhaps I subconsciously wanted to
press that button.

ROMANA: In full flight?

(ROMANA LEADS HIM AWAY
FROM THE CONSOLE AND OUT
INTO:)

18A. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO TIME.

ROMANA: [WHISPERING SO THAT
ADRIC CAN'T HEAR] You must have a
death wish.

DOCTOR: You're the one who's
always keen to do something.

ROMANA: But not
mumbo-jumbo.

DOCTOR: Anybody would think
you didn't want to get back to
Gallifrey.

ROMANA: You know I don't
want to go back to Gallifrey.

DOCTOR: It's all fairly
academic, unless we find this CVE.
We can burn that bridge when we
come to it.

ROMANA: I don't suppose
you've thought about Adric? If we
get out of E-Space we'll be taking
him away from his own universe.

DOCTOR: Oh, he'll like
Gallifrey.

18B. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO
TIME.

(UNNOTICED BY THE DOCTOR
AND ROMANA, WHO WE
GLIMPSE IN WHISPERED
CONFERENCE OUTSIDE IN THE
CORRIDOR, ADRIC HAS
STAGGERED OVER TO THE
CONSOLE.

HE TOSSES THE COIN,
CONSULTS IT, THEN REACHES
OUT AND HITS ONE OF THE
BUTTONS

ALMOST INSTANTLY THE
STORM ABATES)

K9: Hexagram 9, Hsiao
Ch'u -- the Taming Power of the
Small. Quote: "If you are sincere,
blood vanishes and fear gives
way".

19. EXT. THE VOID.

(THE VOID IS BRILLIANT
WHITE AND FEATURELESS --
EXCEPT THAT IN THE
DISTANCE THERE IS A
FIGURE RUNNING TOWARDS
US. THE OUTLINE
SHIMMERS, THE MOTION
SLOWED TO THAT OF A
DREAM.

IT IS BIROC, RIDING THE
TIME WINDS. A STREAM OF
WILD WHITE CLOUDS RUSHES
AROUND HIM, ENVELOPING
HIM.)

20. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

DOCTOR: [TO ADRIC] What did
you do?

(ADRIC LOOKS SHEEPISHLY
BACK AT THE DOCTOR, BUT
SAYS NOTHING.)

ROMANA CHECKS THE CONSOLE
SETTINGS)

DOCTOR: [TURNING TO K9] You
saw all this?

K9: Affirmative.
Non-determinate activity in
accordance with the theory you were
offering, Master.

(THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY
A SUDDEN VIOLENT LURCH OF
THE TARDIS.)

K9 SLIDES ACROSS THE
FLOOR AS THE CAMERA
TILTS, EVERYTHING IS AT A
CRAZY ANGLE; THE LIGHTING
LEVEL DROPS A LITTLE, AND
STAYS DOWN.

ROMANA MANAGES TO GRAB
THE CONSOLE AND HANG ON,
BUT BOTH ADRIC AND THE
DOCTOR FALL. AN OMINOUS
RUMBLE MAKES IT NECESSARY
FOR EVERYONE TO RAISE
THEIR VOICES, AND EVERY
FEW SECONDS THE TARDIS
SHAKES AS IF IN AN
EARTHQUAKE)

DOCTOR: [HIS EYES GLUED TO
THE DOOR] What!!

(THE DOOR IS BEGINNING TO
OPEN SLOWLY, A CRACK OF
BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT
STREAMING INTO THE
TARDIS'S DARKENED
INTERIOR, A WHITE SMOKE
BLOWN FROM BEHIND
DEFINING THE DISTINCT
RAYS)

DOCTOR: The Time Winds!

(THE DOCTOR DIVES PAST K9
AND JUST MANAGES TO PULL
ADRIC BACK FROM THE
WIDENING BEAM, THE TWO OF
THEM SLIDING TOGETHER
AGAINST THE WALL.

AS THE FULL BRILLIANCE OF
THE WHITE LIGHT FALLS
ACROSS THE CONSOLE IT
APPEARS TO SEAR THE
INSTRUMENTS: GLASS COVERS
EXPLODE AND PANELS BURST
INTO FLAMES. THE TIME
WINDS ARE DEADLY.

THE DOOR IS STILL
OPENING, AND WE SEE THE
HARD EDGE OF THE BEAM
CREEPING ACROSS THE FLOOR
TOWARDS THE
STILL-STRUGGLING K9. THE
DOCTOR REACHES OUT TO
PULL THE ROBOT TO SAFETY,
BUT THE BEAM FALLS ACROSS
K9 AND ACROSS THE
DOCTOR'S HAND.

WITH A REFLEX CRY OF PAIN
THE DOCTOR JUMPS BACK,
HUGGING THE INJURED
HAND.

K9 IS TAKING THE FULL
FORCE OF THE TIME WINDS.
THE BLOWN SMOKE POURS
OVER HIM LIKE DESERT
SAND.

SOMEHOW BIROC IS NOW
INSIDE THE TARDIS,
PUTTING HIS SHOULDER TO
THE DOOR, FORCING IT SHUT
AGAINST THE TIME WINDS
WITH TREMENDOUS EFFORT.

THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND
ADRIC ARE ALL POWERLESS
TO INTERFERE: THEY CAN
ONLY WATCH.

THE DOOR IS CLOSED, THE
TIME WINDS EXCLUDED)

21. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(THE CREW ARE LOUNGING AROUND, CONTENT TO LET RORVIC DO ALL THEIR WORRYING FOR THEM. SAGAN AND LANE PLAY CARDS, NESTOR IS FLIPPING SCREWED UP PIECES OF PAPER AT A WASTEBIN AND USUALLY MISSING)

RORVIC: Now we've got a busted warp motor and no navigator -- nowhere to go and no way of getting there. [WAITING FOR A RESPONSE] Yes? Any views on that?

NESTOR: [FROM THE HELM]
Wait a minute.

RORVIK: A minute? We've got all eternity.

(HE GOES ACROSS TO NESTOR'S CONTROL PANEL)

NESTOR: I'm getting something on the short range scanner

RORVIK: What is it?

NESTOR: I don't know. But it's solid and it's moving.

PACKARD: Looks as if we've got company.

(ON A SMALL VIDEO SCREEN
A COMPUTER DISPLAY IS
ROTATING AN IMAGE OF THE
TARDIS THROUGH THREE
DIMENSIONS)

22. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO
TIME.

(BIROC IS AT THE CONSOLE,
SURVEYING THE CONTROLS)

(ROMANA MAKES A REFLEX
MOVE TO STOP HIM)

DOCTOR: Don't touch him.

ROMANA: But...

(THE DOCTOR POINTS,
INDICATING BIROC'S HAND.
IT SEEMS TO DRIFT ACROSS
THE CONSOLE. THE
BUTTONS WE SEE HIM
TOUCHING SINK AND
ILLUMINATE ONLY MOMENTS
AFTER HIS HAND HAS MOVED
ON)

ROMANA: He's out of phase.

DOCTOR: On a different
timeline.

ROMANA: He should be torn
apart!

(HAVING SET THE
CO-ORDINATES, BIROC PULLS
THE LEVER TO OPERATE THE
TARDIS, AND THEN SINKS
EXHAUSTED TO HIS KNEES)

DOCTOR: I think we've just
been hijacked.

23. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(PACKARD AND RORVIK ARE
CROUCHED OVER THE
SHORT-RANGE SCANNER)

SAGAN: It's getting nearer.
They're coming in to land!

PACKARD: They might have
somebody who can fix a warp motor.

RORVIC: So why are they
stuck between the timelines like
us?

PACKARD: We won't know until
we find out.

RORVIC: And we'll still need
Biroc back. Or we'll have to get
one of the others out of storage.

PACKARD: You can't revive any
of them out here. You need the
full apparatus.

RORVIC: We can jury-rig
something if necessary. [RAISING
HIS VOICE TO REACH EVERYBODY ON THE
BRIDGE] So some of them may die.
And that cuts into everybody's
profits -- a chunk out of
everybody's bonus. You want to
complain, bring it to Mr Sagan
here. Because he's the one who
managed to lose your navigator for
you.

(SURLY SILENCE FROM THE
CREW GREET'S RORVIK'S
SPEECH)

RORVIC: [TURNING TO LANE]
We're going out to that ship.

LANE: How will I find it.

PACKARD: Portable
mass-detector. Aldo? Waldo?
Break it out from stores.

(GRUMBLING, ALDO AND
WALDO EXCHANGE GLANCES AS
THEY RISE TO THEIR FEET)

WALDO: Let's have the key,
then.

ALDO: I gave it to you.

(AFTER A MOMENT OF PANIC,
WALDO PATS HIS POCKETS
AND PRODUCES THE KEY)

WALDO: [HANDING HIM THE
KEY] It's non-stop, Waldo.
Non-stop.

(THEY SHAMBLE OFF)

RORVIK: [TO LANE] You'll be
leading the way.

LANE: Why me?

RORVIC: In case they're
hostile.

24. INT. THE TARDIS. DAY.

(BIROC IS RAISING HIS
HEAD, LOOKING AT THEM FOR
THE FIRST TIME.

THE TIME COLUMN HAS
STOPPED)

ROMANA: Can he see us?

DOCTOR: Probably the same
way we see him.

ROMANA: [TO BIROC] What are
you?

DOCTOR: "What"? Is that the
kind of contact etiquette they're
teaching on Gallifrey these days?

BIROC: [HIS VOICE REMOTE
AND SLURRED] I am Biroc. Others
follow.

DOCTOR: Others? What
others?

BIROC: Believe nothing they
say. Not Biroc's kind.

(THE TARDIS DOOR IS
STARTING TO OPEN UNDER
ITS OWN POWER. AND BIROC
IS GONE.

THE DOCTOR MOVES TO THE
DOORWAY, WRAPPING HIS
SCARF AROUND HIS INJURED
HAND.

IN THE SILENCE THEY HAVE
ALL REALISED THERE ARE NO
TIME WINDS BLOWING)

25. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(BIROC IS SWALLOWED BY
THE MISTS OF THE VOID.

THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT AND
LOOKS AROUND)

26. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

ROMANA: [SOMEWHAT
UNNECESSARILY] That was Biroc.

ADRIC: I know. Any idea
where he brought us?

ROMANA: I don't know. The
co-ordinates are all locked off at
zero.

DOCTOR: [RETURNING] That's
exactly what it looks like. Look,
you two hold the fort here. I'm
going to see where Biroc's off to.
Come on, K9.

(NO RESPONSE. THEY ALL
LOOK AT K9)

ADRIC: Is it because of the
Time Winds?

DOCTOR: Poor old thing
wasn't built to take that kind of
treatment. Never mind. Wait here,
and don't make a move until I get
back.

ROMANA: But...

DOCTOR: Zero co-ordinates.
Ponder on that.

(AND THE DOCTOR IS GONE)

ADRIC: What did he mean...
zero co-ordinates?

ROMANA: Of course! Don't
you see. Our normal space is
positive, and your E-Space is
negative.

ADRIC: This must be the
intersection.

ROMANA: The way out...

ADRIC: Somewhere near
here.

ROMANA: If the Doctor can
find it.

27. EXT. THE VOID BY THE TARDIS. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR SURVEYS THE
VOID.

THERE IS NOTHING IN ANY
DIRECTION, JUST AN EVEN
BURNT-OUT WHITE. THE
DOCTOR AND THE TARDIS
APPEAR TO BE THE ONLY
SOLID OBJECTS IN IT.

THE DOCTOR CHOOSES AN
ARBITRARY DIRECTION, AND
SETS OUT AFTER BIROC)

28. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(BIROC, NO LONGER AIDED
BY THE TIME WINDS, RUNS
THROUGH THE EMPTY MIST OF
THE VOID UNDER HIS OWN
EFFORT.

THE RIGORS OF
IMPRISONMENT IN THE
HARNESS ARE BEGINNING TO
TELL. WE NOTICE BIROC IS
FLAGGING)

29. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA AND ADRIC ARE
CROUCHED OVER K9)

ADRIC: You can repair him,
can't you?

(ROMANA LOOKS VERY
DOUBTFUL.

SHE BEGINS TO UNDO HIS
SIDE PANEL)

ADRIC: What's N-Space
like?

ROMANA: Like E-Space, only
larger.

ADRIC: That sounds good.
Yes, I'd like to go there with you
and the Doctor.

ROMANA: [PAUSING AT HER WORK
ON K9] What if... the Doctor and
I went different ways?

ADRIC: But you wouldn't,
would you?

(SHE BRUSHES ASIDE THE
QUESTION AND TAKES A
COUPLE OF WAFERS OUT OF
K9)

ROMANA: These are parts of
his memory.

(UNDER SLIGHT PRESSURE
ONE OF THE WAFERS
CRUMBLES AND
DISINTEGRATES.

K9 SUDDENLY RETURNS TO
ACTIVITY, HIS EYES
ILLUMINATING BRIEFLY)

ROMANA: How are you feeling,
K9?

K9: Misconception of the
functional nature of this unit. I
neither feel nor find it necessary
to express states of efficiency or
dysfunction.

ADRIC: Does that mean he
feels all right?

K9: All systems
functioning. Recommend priority
transferred to the three humanoid
life-forms approaching the Tardis.

ROMANA: He's having
delusions.

30. EXT. THE VOID.

(THREE FIGURES, RORVIC,
PACKARD, AND LANE, ARE
APPROACHING THROUGH THE
WHITE MIST.

LANE CARRIES THE MASS
DETECTOR, AN ARTICULATED
APPARATUS MOUNTED ON A
CHEST PLATE)

31. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA AND ADRIC ARE
STARING AT THE IMAGE OF
RORVIK, LANE AND PACKARD
AS THEIR OUTLINES HARDEN
THROUGH THE MIST)

ROMANA: Impossible!

K9: Probability computes
at zero point zero zero zero five
seven, Mistress. Please apply
point six seven error correction to
this estimate. Error in error
correction estimate estimated at
point three seven zero five. Error
correction estimate error estimated
at....

ROMANA: We've got to stop
this or he'll go on forever...

(SHE PULLS OUT ONE OF
K9's MEMORY WAFERS)

K9: Correction. All
present and correct. King's
regulations [Army] Report of the
Orderly Serjeant to the Officer of
the Day.... [HE SLURS TO A HALT]

ADRIC: [STUDYING THE
SCREEN] And they've got guns!
[LOOKING FROM K9 TO THE SCREEN AND
BACK AGAIN] I wish the Doctor was
here.

ROMANA: [LOOKING AT K9'S
DAMAGED WAFFER, AT THE SCREEN -- AND
AT ADRIC] So do I.... But don't
worry. We'll work something out.
[AN AFTERTHOUGHT] I am completely
qualified.

(HER BRAVE SMILE IS
ALMOST CONVINCING)

32. EXT. THE GATEWAY. DAY.

(A PAIR OF MASSIVE WOODEN DOORS SET IN AN ARCH OF MASON-CUT ROCK, TWO DECAYED PILLARS SUPPORTING A PARTLY COLLAPSED LINTEL, A RUINED STATUE TO ONE SIDE, AN EMPTY PLINTH WITH A HEAP OF RUBBLE AROUND IT ON THE OTHER.

ONE OF THE DOORS IS SLIGHTLY AJAR. THE ROCKS ARE WHITE AND GREY, AND THEY BLEND OFF INTO THE SURROUNDINGS IMPERCEPTIBLY.

BIROC, NOW WEARY, ARRIVES AT THE GATEWAY AND LEANS AGAINST ONE OF THE PILLARS.

AS HE REGAINS HIS BREATH HE SURVEYS THE RUINS, HIS FACE ILLUMINATED BY RECOGNITION AND AFFECTION.

STRENGTHENED BY THE FAMILIAR SIGHT, BIROC ENTERS THE DOORWAY, AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS BEYOND.

THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN WATCHING BIROC FROM A DISTANCE. CAUTIOUSLY HE APPROACHES THE GATEWAY AND FOLLOWS BIROC THROUGH TO:)

33. INT. GATEWAY ENTRANCE TUNNEL. DAY.

(A VAULTED STONE TUNNEL,
GLOOMY COMPARED TO THE
VOID BEYOND. THERE WERE
ONCE ELABORATE MOUNTS FOR
BURNING TORCHES ALONG THE
WALLS, BUT THESE ARE
EMPTY AND BROKEN AND
SKINNED OVER WITH
COBWEBS. THE PAVED FLOOR
IS DUSTY, MARKED ONLY BY
A SINGLE LINE OF TRACKS
-- BIROC'S.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE
FOOTPRINTS)

34. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL.
DAY.

(THERE IS AN OPEN
FIREPLACE FILLED WITH
DEAD ASHES, AND OVER THE
MANTEL A SQUARE OF TORN
CANVAS, BLACK AND
MILDEWED, SAGS FROM A
GILDED PICTURE FRAME.

WINDOWS TO EITHER SIDE
ARE SO STAINED AND FILTHY
THAT NO LIGHT GETS IN,
AND THE HEAVY VELVET
DRAPES TO THEM ARE ALMOST
EATEN AWAY.

THE MAIN FEATURE OF THE
ROOM IS THE BANQUETING
TABLE. IT APPEARS TO
HAVE BEEN SET FOR A MEAL
WHICH WAS THEN ALLOWED TO
DECAY FOR CENTURIES:
PILES OF MOULD WHERE THE
FRUIT BOWLS STOOD,
SKELETONS OF RAT-BITTEN
CARCASSES WITH SHREDS OF
BLACK DRIED MEAT STILL
CLINGING.

THE CANDLEABRA ARE
COBWEBBED, AND MOST OF
THE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN
THROWN BACK OR
OVERTURNED.

WE NOTICE ARCHED ALCOVES
AND DOORWAYS AROUND THE
WALLS OF THE BANQUETING
HALL.

A HEADLESS BLACK AND SHINY WARRIOR ROBOT, WIRES SPROUTING FROM ITS OPEN NECK LIES ON THE FLOOR WHERE IT HAS OBVIOUSLY LAIN NEGLECTED FOR AN AGE. THE DESIGN IS PLAIN AND UNFUSSY, LIKE A SPACE-AGE SIMPLIFICATION OF SAMURAI ARMOUR.

OTHER SIMILAR ROBOTS, IN VARYING STATES OF PRESERVATION, PRONE AND STANDING, POPULATE THE ROOM.

THESE ROBOTS, THE GUNDANS, SEEM TO HAVE GOT THE UPPER HAND IN SOME TERMINAL BATTLE AGAINST THE THARKS. THE TWISTED REMAINS OF THE SLAIN THARKS ARE EVIDENCE OF THE GUNDANS' SUCCESS.

MANY OF THE ARCHWAYS THAT AT FIRST APPEAR TO BE EXITS ARE IN FACT PERFECT MIRRORS. THESE ARE GUARDED BY GUNDANS, AS IF TO PREVENT THE FEASTING THARKS FROM REACHING THE MIRRORS.

SOME OF THESE SENTRY GUNDANS HAVE FALLEN, LEAVING MIRRORS UNPOLICED.

BIROC RUNS INTO THE HALL IN A SORT OF DREAMY SLOW-MOTION, WHICH BECOMES SLOWER AS HE APPROACHES ONE OF THE UNGUARDED MIRRORS.

AS HE REACHES IT IT SEEMS THAT HE MUST STOP, BUT

INSTEAD HE APPEARS TO
DISSOLVE SLOWLY INTO THE
MIRROR.

AS HIS TRAILING HAND
PASSES THROUGH AFTER HIM,
THE MANACLE ON THE WRIST,
BLOCKED BY THE MIRROR,
SLIPS TO THE GROUND
EMPTY.

AND BIROC IS GONE. WE
ARE LEFT WITH THE
REFLECTION OF THE
DESERTED HALL)

35. EXT. TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(PACKARD HAS WALKED RIGHT
ROUND THE TARDIS, AND NOW
RETURNS TO RORVIK AND
LANE)

RORVIK: Well?

PACKARD: It's a solid
object.

RORVIK: [TO LANE] Check?

LANE: [SHAKING HIS HEAD
OVER THE MASS DETECTOR] These
readings don't make sense.

RORVIK: Give me a printout.

(LANE ACTIVATES THE
MASS-DETECTOR. REAMS OF
PRINT-OUT SPRING FROM THE
BODY OF THE INSTRUMENT.

WHILE THE PRINT-OUT
CONTINUES, RORVIK PICKS
UP THE BEGINNING OF THE
ROLL AND BEGINS TO STUDY
THE FIGURES)

LANE: It's a ship.

PACKARD: What, for midgets?

LANE: Or a coffin for a
very large man.

RORVIK: [EVENTUALLY] All
right. Enough of that. Let's bust
it open.

36. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STANDING
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
ROOM, SURVEYING THE
BATTLEFIELD.

FROM WHERE HE IS
STANDING, A LINE OF
FOOTPRINTS IS VISIBLE IN
THE DUST.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE
FOOTPRINTS, UNTIL THEY
LEAD HIM TO ONE OF THE
UNGUARDED MIRRORS, WHERE
THEY STOP DEAD.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE
FOOTPRINTS AND PUZZLES.
HE PUTS HIS GOOD HAND
AGAINST THE FLAT,
UNYIELDING SURFACE.

HE NOTICES THE MANACLE,
AND STOOPS TO PICK IT UP,
SURPRISED AT ITS WEIGHT.

BEHIND HIM, THE HEAD OF A
GUNDAN BEGINS TO TURN --
STIFFLY, AS IF FOR THE
FIRST TIME IN AN AGE.

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP
WITH DIFFICULTY -- THE
MANACLE IS VERY HEAVY.
HE WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND,
WONDERING.

THE GUNDAN TAKES A STIFF
PACE FORWARD, CLOSING ON
THE DOCTOR. ITS HAND IS
A CLAW, JERKING UP TO
BRING A SAVAGE AXELIKE
WEAPON TO BEAR.

THE DOCTOR STANDS IN THE
ARCHWAY, ALL HIS
ATTENTION ON THE MANACLE.
HE DOESN'T SEE THE
REFLECTION OF THE GUNDAN
AS IT APPROACHES:

LIFTING ITS AXE HIGH
ABOVE ITS HEAD)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm